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Category:	M/M
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Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Ilya Rozanov , Shane Hollander
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19-19

by [Oaks118](#)

Summary

Shane took a big breath, “I wanted to ask you something.”

Ilya raised an eyebrow. Seriously, what was making Shane this nervous? “Ok.”

“Ok. Um, ok, I wanted to ask you...” Shane took another breath before rushing the words out, “Willyoucometomycottagethissummer?”

OR: Shane doesn't get hit during the game and gets to go through with his plan of asking Ilya to come to his cottage that night.

Notes

Hello! I sat on the fic I posted last night and realized this was the fix-it I should've written for the episode so you get bonus content this week. Yay! This is just short and sweet and fluffy.

Comments and kudos are appreciated. Enjoy!

-Oaks

Ilya punched in the code for the door; 1, 9, 1, 9. It clicked.

He slipped inside the front entrance of Shane's apartment building with a quick glance around to make sure no passersby were watching. The place was empty. Good.

He tried to keep still in the elevator, not letting the excited jitters out. He always got like this when they were meeting up – all giddy nervousness, like a kid who knew they were about to go to their favourite place.

Shane answered the door on the first knock. Ilya slipped inside, trying not to glance back down the hallway. There wouldn't be anyone there anyway, his super rich boyfriend had seen to that.

"Hi," Shane bounced on the balls of his feet a little. Cute.

Ilya let his lips stretch into that lazy smirk that he knew really got to Shane, "Hi."

"Um, do you want anything to drink?"

"Hmm, no," Ilya took two big steps forward, putting him right in Shane's space. "Later. I take prize for winning first."

Shane rolled his eyes but didn't protest when Ilya's hands found his waist as he brought their lips together. Shane melted in his arms, "Ok."

Ilya flops back down in bed, uncaring of his nakedness. Shane has the covers pulled up to his stomach as usual in boring Canadian modesty. Ilya liked him so fucking much.

He rested his head on Shane's shoulder, feeling him shift beneath him to get comfortable. He listened to the rise and fall of Shane's chest. It was a little faster than normal. Huh.

Ilya traced a finger over Shane's thigh, smiling when the muscle twitched, "What are you thinking about?"

"Hmm?"

"You are still tense. Did I not fuck you good enough?"

"N-no," Shane stuttered. "I-I mean yes, yes you fucked me g-great."

Ilya chuckled, "Then why are you not relaxed? You are usually like putty afterwards. I have to bribe you to shower."

Shane huffed, “You do not have to *bribe* me.”

“I have to carry you. You are like baby who cannot walk.”

“That’s your fault.”

“Yes,” Ilya said with a very pleased smile. “Do not worry, I do not mind. I will gladly carry you.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Shane rolled his eyes.

They fell into amicable silence as Ilya continued tracing the skin over Shane’s knee. He squirmed a little. Ilya waited for Shane’s heartrate to slow, but it didn’t.

He frowned, sitting up to look at Shane, “Alright, what is it?”

“What?”

“What’s got you all…” Ilya made a vague gesture at Shane’s entire body.

He feigned confusion, squirming, “All?”

Ilya huffed, “Hollander you are having panic attack. What is it?”

“Ok,” Shane wrung his hands. “Ok, um…”

“Spit it out.”

Shane took a big breath, “I wanted to ask you something.”

Ilya raised an eyebrow. Seriously, what was making Shane this nervous? “Ok.”

“Ok. Um, ok, I wanted to ask you…” Shane took another breath before rushing the words out, “Willyoucometomycottagethissummer?”

Ilya stared at Shane, “You know English is not my first language, right?”

“R-Right.”

“So I got none of that.”

“Right.”

Ilya raised his eyebrows again.

“Right, ok, um…” Shane took another breath, pulled his shoulders back, and looked Ilya in the eye, “I wanted to ask if you would come to my cottage this summer?”

Ilya’s eyebrows stayed put as he stared at Shane.

The Canadian started rambling, “Don’t go to Russia. Come stay with me at my house. It’ll be fun – we could have fun. And it’s super private so you don’t have to worry about anyone finding out—”

Ilya winced, “Shane.”

“I-It doesn’t even have to be for long. You could stay for a week, or maybe even two, or honestly as long as you want—”

“Shane.” He wanted to. He really, really wanted to. But he needed to go home and show face at least a little, needed to check on his niece and Svetlanna. He should go home. It was the right thing to do.

“And I really think you would like it. And I’ll make sure you have such a good time. We can relax and just do nothing and spend time together. And I really want you there—”

Fuck it.

“Ok.”

Shane finally stopped, looking at Ilya in surprise, “Ok?”

“Ok.”

“You’ll come?”

“I...” Ilya pursed his lips, “I cannot stay long.”

“That’s ok. You can stay for however long you want.”

“And no one can know.”

“No one will. My parents are going away for a few weeks at the beginning of the summer and there’s no one around for miles. It’ll just be us.”

Ilya smirked, “Perfect for you to murder me in the woods.”

Shane gave him a little smile back, “Well, no one would hear you scream.”

At that, Ilya’s smile turned devilish, “Or you.”

Shane blushed beautifully all the way down his neck, “There would be lots of opportunities for...activities.”

Ilya leant closer, placing a hand on Shane’s bare chest. He glanced at his lips, “What kind of activities do you have in mind?”

Shane hummed, “I’m sure I could make some plans.”

“Plans? Mr. Businessman has *plans*?”

Shane gave him a little shove, “Fuck off.”

Ilya just pulled him in until their lips touched. Yeah, he could spend a week or two doing this. Or a whole summer.

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